

I am the Sand, You are the Sea by NikkiHh

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan B., Nancy W., OC, Steve H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-02-17 18:46:58

Updated: 2019-11-13 06:33:03

Packaged: 2019-12-12 14:50:34

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 9,254

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: **One-shots for Can I Lay Back Into The Dark?** A collection of moments from the lives of Allison and her friends in Hawkins after the events of season 2.

1. Snow

Here's the first one-shot for my story Can I Lay Back Into The Dark?

These one-shots will still have all the fun of the story but the settings are more relaxed and character focused. They are cute AF guys. Keeping with the theme of ridiculously long story names because I'm angsty, this is called 'I am the Sand, You are the Sea.' I hope you enjoy and as always let me know what you think, the support means everything.

P.S- If you haven't read my first story, you should totally do that. These one-shots will need a little context, beyond that you should read it cause it's great, sorry bout it.

*Take it to the heart, and wash it out
Go back to the start, it's raging now
Be a better fighter, lover, oh please
I don't want you to break me down*

Take it to the Heart - Odette

It snowed in Wakeford all the time, in fact, the winters in Massachusetts could be worse than any you would ever see in Indiana but to Allison and Daniel, the first snow of 1984 was special. The first of the snowflakes that coated the Edwards overgrown front lawn was bittersweet. Hawkins had revealed terror they could never forget but had also given both children a family that they could never replace. The first snow represented both.

She was dreaming of running. Fast. Up her favourite track in Hawkins for the first time since her accident. The chill of winter pierced her lungs and the tread of her runners crunched against the last of Fall's leaves. When she reached the top, she pulled her long ponytail away from her neck and took rest against the wooden barrier. The view was perfect. The fog over the lake, the grey of the cold trees and sky, the unflappable peace of the woods. With her heart racing, she overlooked the best of Hawkins, Indiana; she felt at peace.

"ALLISON!"

Pulled from her pleasant dreams, the first in weeks, Allison Edwards attempted to pull herself from her bed as quickly as possible. A feat her groggy mind quickly found impossible as her legs twisted in her blanket and her bottom found purchase on the hard floor. "Shit. Jesus. Christ. Ow," The girl lamented, tossing her long dark hair off her face with a huff. Breathing heavily, Allison rubbed her eyes and yawned confused as to why she had even felt the need to rush from her warm bed.

"ALLISON, COME QUICK!"

Oh yeah, Allison remembered hearing the screeching of a pre-pubescent boy. Kicking her legs at the blanket Allison managed to free herself and stood patting her sore butt with a pout, sliding on her slippers and stomping down the stairs with a frustrated grunt. The old clock that hung in the family room told her it was eight- thirty and she had to refrain from clenching her jaw so tight she shattered her teeth.

"Daniel Jay Edwards, I swear to you in the name of *Ripley*, may she strike me down I will murder you if you shout one more time," Allison warned after she stomped over to the window, her brother's mouth open to shout again. He wasn't looking at her but was taking in the white wonderland that covered the world around them. "Wow." She breathed, joining him in the alcove, her hands finding the window just like his as they watched on in wonder.

"Yeah, wow," Daniel parroted.

Concerns had started to rise over the lack of snow this season, Dustin's Mom had been complaining to Allison just days ago when she dropped Daniel off to play that a Christmas without snow just wasn't Christmas.

Allison informed the woman that it was currently summer in Australia and they indeed would not be having snow.

When the women fell into a tizzy about how that wasn't how God wanted Christmas celebrated, Allison kept the lack of snow in the

Holy Land a secret, she was worried it would hospitalise the poor lady.

"Got your snow gear out?" Allison asked earning a squeal of excitement from the younger teen before he dashed off to change. Allison followed him up with a chuckle, just spotting a flash of his blond head before it darted into his room. Allison quickly put on her layers, finishing with a blue snow jacket and a matching beanie before leaving her room. Daniel had beat her out unsurprisingly, pulling on his jacket as he stood at her door fidgeting like an excited puppy.

"Alright, let's go then." Allison laughs following Daniel down a grin on her face. The second Daniel opened the front door the cold air blew through the house turning both their noses pink. Neither cared quickly checking how deep the snow was before launching their bodies in to make angels. Allison gave her 'angel' a set of horns and a tail before running over to inspect her brothers work. He had apparently given up on making a figure of himself and had instead chosen to launch himself into the thicker buildups of snow.

Carefully, while Daniel was distracted Allison made the inevitable first snowball, an evil grin pulling at her mouth as she stalked her oblivious brother. She checked for sticks before she threw, this one was for the face, and catapulted the sizable mound. It sailed through the air and hit Daniel square between the eyes just as he turned to locate his older sister.

Allison collapsed into the snow with shrieking laughter and the look of total bewilderment on Daniel's little face as he tried to blink snow from his lashes. Her laughter doubled when his face hardened, and he began preparing his first retaliation snowball at a blinding speed. Allison didn't even have time to stand before the first snowball from Daniel smashed into her shoulder and the all-out war started.

The two hurtled snow at each other until they could barely stand anymore. Allison's calves were burning from trying to move through the snow and she knew her Mother was going to be furious that she had done so much running despite the fact that she had had her cast removed from her ankle nearly two weeks ago but it had felt good for the two to properly let loose.

Daniel pointed at their neighbour across the road who scowled at the pair as he began to shovel the snow from his footpath. "Well that's the fun police, it was good while it lasted." Daniel panted, collapsing beside Allison. She noted that several people down the cul-de-sac had already begun trying to shovel their driveways and it made her frown.

"It's the Eve of Christmas Eve, where do these people need to go? Why ruin our magical winter land when they are just gonna have to come out and shovel again tomorrow? Grinches, the lot of them." Allison proclaimed earning a chuckle from Daniel. They sat in silence for a moment just enjoying the crisp air that surrounded them and the methodical scrape of shovelling around them.

"What are you two up to out here?"

The pair turned and beamed at their rosy-cheeked Mother who had wrapped herself in a dressing gown and clutched onto a mug of something steaming. She smiled back at the pair, both happy to realise that Mary didn't look to carry a heavy burden on her shoulders for the first time in seven weeks. She just looked like their Mom, and that was a sight for sore eyes.

"Good Morning, Mom!" Daniel spoke excitedly, waving slightly. "We wanted to enjoy the first snow before everyone else!" Mary looked over at the pristine snow that coated the road and compared it to her trampled dirty snow that sat on her front yard and smirked,

"Yes, I can see that." She laughed. "Come inside, I made some hot chocolate to warm you both up." Daniel stood quickly offering a helping hand to Allison who was starting to feel stiff from the cold and the solid amount of exercise she had just done for the first time in nearly two months.

"You pushed yourself too hard didn't you?"

Allison grimaced at her Mother's smug voice, straightening up and putting on a mask of indifference. "Nope, I'm just a little stiff from the cold." She wouldn't mention that it was her Ankle that was stiff or that she wished she'd listened to her Mother's warnings.

"There is a heat pack in the kitchen, go rest it on the aching parts then we'll get you in a warm bath." Her Mother replied, earning a sheepish grin from the brunette.

"Thanks, Mom."

"You are welcome, baby, just take it easy for the rest of the day, if you don't, I'll invite Steve over to babysit you again."

Allison's eyes widened with horror, "Oh my God, Mom, no! please not again last time he wouldn't let me leave my bed and if you hadn't come home when you did, he was going to carry me to the bathroom!" Mary laughed at her daughter who sat down and placed the green heat pack on her face.

"Well do as I tell you then."

"Yeah, Allison do as she tells you," Daniel pipes in falling into the chair opposite. "Your best friend is crazy, I don't want him babysitting us either." Allison laughs, smiling as her Mom sets a hot chocolate with two white marshmallows in front of her. The first snow really was special because for the Edwards family it gave them what they craved; a blank canvas.

2. Slumber Party

So, umm... hello. My plan to update this every two weeks kinda went down the drain when I got the measles. Yeah turns out I'm part of that lucky 1% of the population immune to the vaccine... how knew...?

Anyway yeah, so I nearly died and the only thing making me feel better right now is listening to the Jonas Brothers 'Australia' on repeat, which I will continue to do until my last day.

What do you think I owe you?

Haven't I given you enough?

Well, I can fill a room full of faces I don't know

But I can't see the ones that I love

I've always been so hard on myself

A piece of me in every song I gave...

Trophy Eyes - Count on me

Boxing day had started with every intention of being a relaxing day recovering from intense food comas. Somehow it had culminated in a movie marathon filled with giggling, junk food, and four completely different yet tightly bonded teenage girls. Allison and Nicole had spent the whole day on the couch napping and watching crappy daytime television, they both complained how their stomachs hurt while continuing to eat red vines and enjoyed each other's company until the phone rang at five-thirty.

"I can't do it anymore! I have twenty people in my house arguing about politics and if I hear one more of my creepy uncles say something racist, I'm going to have to run away from home and that just isn't an option in this snow. Girls night?"

Twenty minutes later Melinda threw herself onto the couch, lifting Allison's legs and placing them on her lap. An impromptu girl's night required all the troops so a few minutes later Nancy was sitting on the rug in front of Nicole's chair tossing her coat in the corner of the brown room and settling in her flannel pyjamas. "The scent of the boys was killing me if I heard Dustin and Lucas argue one more time, I was going to start murdering children. I needed this." She grumbled,

stealing a red vine from the coffee table.

"I can't imagine the smell, god. I haven't seen Daniel all day and I'd wager that I probably won't see him till the day before school." Allison grins at the younger teen who groans in frustration. "So, what are we gonna do tonight?" Allison asked the room. No one seemed to have a definite plan, happy to just lay around until the sugar kicked in.

"You know in porn this is usually the start to a really good night." Melinda quipped, not removing her eyes from the T.V. Nancy and Nicole both laughed, shouting 'EW' as loud as they could, Allison tossed a pillow at her friend's head snorting when she claimed that a pillow fight was a pretty good indicator as well.

"If you or Nancy had of been a plumber with a pizza, we would have been in for like the best night ever." Allison quipped with a grin.

One terrible made for television show later and they all end up on the hideous brown scratchy rug, the coffee table pushed to the corner and the T.V on mute. Every pillow and blanket they could find had been used to make a ground zero. Snacks lined the setup and the girls sat in the middle in a circle; knees touching as they talked about anything under the sun.

"Do you think I'm making a mistake, wanting to go to Boston? A part of me feels selfish leaving Mom and Daniel, even you Nance... and Steve." Allison grimaced, finally admitting her best friend was one of the reasons she'd been worried about leaving Hawkins.

"I'll be fine, so will your Mom and Daniel. We all have each other, and I can't imagine your Mom, the teacher asking you not to go to college, especially if that college is *Harvard*." Nancy pat her friends knee gently.

Allison nodded in agreement, "And Steve?"

"What about Steve?" Nicole shrugged, a frown pulling at her thick brows.

"Wait have you met Steve?" Melinda turned to Nicole, who was on

her right with raised eyebrows. Nicole nodded with a roll of her eyes.

"I've had what some would call the pleasure."

"Steve laid it on pretty thick," Allison explained with a laugh. "Nicole has decided to let him sweat a little, it's been very entertaining. He's so adorable when he's panicked because his charm didn't work." All the girls laughed.

Steve had been pretty insistent that he and Nicole would get on like a house on fire, he could not have been more wrong. Nicole had been on his bull the second she had seen his perfectly coiffed hair and decided no matter how much she ended up actually liking him she was gonna give him hell. Picking on Steve was a favoured past-time of Allison's so she understood.

"I worry about him," Allison admitted, circling the conversation back to her original question. "Every time I try to have a conversation with him about the future he just brushes it off, he won't tell me what he wants to do and I'm terrified he's going to let his potential pass him by because no one ever believed in him and told him its okay to want things."

All four girls are quiet for a moment sad on behalf of the popular boy who deserved more than people punching him in the face and shit parents. "If he stays in Hawkins, I'll do anything I can to put him on a good path. Didn't you say he mentioned that Hopper thought he would be a good Police Officer? I think that's an amazing option for him." Nancy said with a small smile at her friend. Allison smiled at Nancy gratefully.

"You know I'm so glad we did this," Allison grinned at each of her friends. When she thought about it, the only thing Melinda, Nancy, and Nicole had in common was her and she was so glad that not only were they all getting along but they seemed to genuinely like each other. "I knew Christmas was going to be hard for me, even before Dad. Being away from my home, from you Nic, I never thought I'd find you guys." Nancy grabbed her friend's hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. "I'm so thankful to you both for everything you've done for me these last few months."

Allison looked at each of her friends and a warmth she hadn't felt in a long time overtook her. Nicole had been her best friend forever, she had formed the most unexpected friendship with Melinda, one that had started in the strangest of circumstances, and Nancy, despite everything; the doubts, the Upside Down. They had been able to meet in the middle and forge a strong friendship. Allison grinned resting her head on Nancy's shoulder, "Sorry, I'll stop being gross now." Nancy pet her shoulder with a soft smile.

"Us girls have to stick together! Especially us future Bostonians." Melinda grinned nudging Allison and then Nicole. "Sorry, Nancy." Nancy shrugged, a wry look on her face,

"Who says I won't be joining you in a year or so?"

"You would really leave this town? What about Jonathan?" Melinda asks, her eyebrows raised.

"Who knows where Jonathan and I will be," Nancy shrugged, crossing her arms over her chest. "All I know is that I deserve more than this town. Who knows maybe after all's said and done I'll come back but I'll be here because I want to be, not because I never left, I refuse to be the woman at the end of the cul-de-sac with two kids and a husband she kind of hates who wishes she'd taken a risk when she had the chance."

"Here's to risks," Melinda raised her soda in front of her, glancing at each of the girls with a small smile. "May we take them even when we're scared, may we embrace them with our friends, and may we cherish them when we're all old and grey."

The girls toasted and Allison smiled as her friends dissolved into giggles at something Melinda had said. She was so lucky, as she looked at each of her friend's faces, she felt a little more at peace. She decided then that she would hold them all close to her for as long as they would let her, sisters needed to stick together after all or something lame like that.

3. Well I feel better, so

Here's another one for ya cause I felt bad. It's one of my faves because it's super cute and I just love it okay don't me.

Soaked up in my brain

For another day

These things I'm tryna say get drenched and swept away that's the truth

Soaked up in my brain

Don't know what to say

Something about you boy you soak up half my brain, yes you do

Ooh, ooh, something about you boy you soak up half my brain

Soaked - Bene

"Okay, but can you move past *Punky Brewster* really?"

"Yes, Allison I can, *Miami Vice* is so grown up and may have been the leading cause of my sexual awakening."

"Kevin Bacon was your sexual awakening and I refuse to hear you attempt to deny it." Allison snorts, pulling her car into the driveway of her house. Nicole would be going home tomorrow, and they had decided one last movie night was in the works before they were separated for another few months. They planned on a sugar hangover so extreme, it would make them hate each other for a decent amount of time to lessen the pain of separating. For Allison, the last week had been exactly what she needed to feel like herself again. Nicole's presence around her new friends had been a reset from the horrors they had all faced. She could never forget, and she was sure she'd have nightmares forever but feeling normal again and realising she had so many amazing people to lean on helped.

The pair were up to their usual shenanigans, a discussion on the hotness of *Indiana Jones* had quickly led to a heated debate on the damsel in distress storyline in every movie and television show and had somehow brought them to a disagreement about decent tv shows. Allison couldn't wait to spend all her time with Nicole next year in Boston, she had missed her best friend and their epic debates terribly. They had both applied for Harvard and Boston University

several weeks back and expected to hear news soon.

"You're completely right, however, I would like to attribute my teenage sexual awakening to *Kevin Bacon*, my awakening into a fully formed woman is totally thanks to *Don Johnson*, that white jacket, the hair, it's enough for any lover of men to swoon." Nicole pronounced earning a loud laugh from Allison. Her first and only crush had been *Harrison Ford* she wasn't foolish enough to pretend that wasn't the reason she was so defensive of his movies, yeah, even the terrible westerns.

Throwing the bag of videos at Nicole, Allison grabbed the snacks and exited the warmth of her car. The snow had settled and left everything wet and slippery around the house, once the initial excitement had worn off, the Edwards children spent as much time indoors as possible. Daniel had spent most of his time at Mike's house playing *Dungeons and Dragons* and slept there with the rest of the party for the last few days. Nancy had come over the day before to escape 'the scent of a pubescent boy and D&D must.'

"Hey!"

Nicole and Allison turned back spotting a frost-bitten Steve skipping up the steps behind them. His hair was perfectly coiffed, as usual, the winter seems to have no effect on his aesthetic with the exception of a touch of red on his cheeks. His grey *members only* jacket was zipped up and the collar of his black shirt underneath was turned up against his neck. Meanwhile, Allison had wrapped herself in six layers, hadn't washed her hair since Christmas, and had jammed a purple beanie over her head to hide her shame.

"Harrington, what are you doing here?" Allison grins at her best boyfriend, eyes cutting to her best girlfriend whose face closes off, the second she spots Steve. It had been an amusing few days watching Steve hopelessly try to win her best friend over to his side. Nicole Teixeira was not swayed by his charm and thrilled in making it especially hard for him with her legendary poker face despite admitting to Allison that she not only thought he was cool, but that he was one of the most handsome boys she had ever seen.

The pair had spent a whole evening discussing the entity that was his

hair. Allison was convinced they both harboured crushes but when she hinted at it to Nicole the curly haired beauty had looked at her like she was crazy. "I would never do that to you, Al, besides we totally live like a million miles away from each other. Also, he's not really our type, is he?"

"Today is Nicole's last day, right? I just wanted to say goodbye." Steve throws a sheepish grin in the Portuguese spitfire's direction, earning nothing in return. Bless his cotton socks.

"Aww, Steve that was nice of you, Nicole wasn't that so nice of Steve to come say goodbye?" Allison nudges the girl beside her, Nicole's honey eyes narrowing slightly.

"I suppose," Nicole says, crossing her arms over her chest, the bag of videos hung around her wrist. Allison huffs a laugh and opens her arms wide, "What do you think you're doing?" Nicole asks with a bewildered expression.

"GROUP HUG!" Steve and Nicole both stare at her with wide eyes convinced she'd clearly lost her mind. "c' mon dweeb, I think we all need this to heal, this is a safe place." Allison exclaims with a giant grin, her arms still spread wide. "You both know you aren't getting out of this, accept it, accept the healing power." Nicole snorts and with a roll of her eyes grabs Steve's wrist, yanking him into Allison's side.

"Hey, hey, hey," Steve shouts trying not to slip on the slick stones beneath them and gripping onto Allison's outstretched arms. "Jesus, how do I keep getting into these bat shit situations?" he mutters to himself before wrapping an arm around Allison and pulling her into his chest tightly, Nicole grinning slightly as she hugs her friends' other side.

"See? Isn't this great!? I feel so warm and protected in my best friend sandwich and now we can heal." Allison sighs forcing Nicole closer, so they were all hugging correctly. She could feel Nicole's laughter against her neck and Steve's huff of amusement.

"What are we healing from exactly?" Nicole laughs drawing back after a few seconds. Allison grins still wrapped around Steve, her

head resting comfortably on his shoulder. Nicole observes the way Steve tightens his hold on Allison when he notices she's not letting go yet, a warm look in his chocolate eyes. Nicole couldn't figure out how they had become so close in such a short amount of time when she asked Allison about it, she'd just say he was always around, and they grew close. When she asked Allison if she had feelings for him, she had laughed seemingly confused by the question, "Steve is my friend, that's all we've ever been! Dating Steve... no, so weird," She laughed. Maybe Allison just didn't see the chemistry they had. Nicole certainly did.

"Well it was healing for me, and that's really all that matters," Allison replied pulling Nicole from her thoughts. She smiled at her friends' jokes, some things never changed. "Do you wanna hang out with us, Harrington? We've got *Star Wars* and *Indiana Jones*. You can finally see my favourite movie." Allison asked looking up at Steve's face.

"Nah, I'm going to hang out with a few friends, I'll see you later." He pats Allison's waist once before stepping back slightly. Walking backwards to his car he grins at Nicole, "It was really nice to meet you, Nicole. Have a safe flight." Winking, he turns on his foot and walks to his car.

"Thanks, Steve, your okay I guess." Nicole finally admits earning a brighter smile from the boy. With a final wave, he drives away from the Edwards house, smile still in place. "that turn on his foot...? That was so smooth, how did you become best friends with the romantic lead in a rat-pack movie?" Allison laughs, unlocking the front door and sighing at the warmth.

"He is somehow the smoothest and most awkward person I've ever met."

4. I owe you no loyalty, Punk

Hello again frands, It's been quite the time for me in the last few months so again I'm sorry for not keeping a schedule with this story. I started Uni this year, but then I got sick so I'm still trying to catch up, I also started a new job which was great when I needed a month off after only being with the company for 2 weeks. Measles are not a joke children, it's been nearly 6 weeks since I first got sick and since then I've head a myriad of health problems directly related to it. I still have an ear infection and pneumonia so yeah, not fun.

This one-shot is my favourite so far, to me it's finally getting a peak at Allison returning to herself and I live for cute wise-cracking. Enjoy!

p.s - The song I put at the start of each chapter isn't always a companion to the story, sometimes I just want you to give it a go or I might have been smashing it when I was writing, either way all good songs!

Deadly fever, please don't ever break

*Be my reliever 'cause I don't self medicate
And it burns like a gin and I like it
Put your lips on my skin and you might ignite it
Hurts, but I know how to hide it, kinda like it*

*Bad, bad news
One of us is gonna lose
I'm the powder, you're the fuse
Just add some friction*

Strange Addiction - Billie Eilish

"Please be good for him. I know how much fun it is to tease him, trust me I know but he's very fragile right now." The siblings watched Steve Harrington standing at the front door of the Henderson house, a frilly pink tea-towel thrown over his shoulder and his left-hand clutching deep in his hair. The look on his handsome face was

somewhere between fury and hopelessness as he watched the chaos happening on the front lawn. Spring break was nearly over but the teenagers were nowhere near sick of the heat they had been blessed with. A full-fledged water fight had broken out and Steve had no choice but to watch on in horror as the kids ran around fully dressed and screaming.

"He is never going to volunteer to do this again."

"Yeah, well Nancy and Jonathan warned him not to take all of you and he wanted to prove he could be the perfect Mom, it really is his own fault," Allison smirked watching her friend jump in surprise when the front door swung closed in the wind and smacked him on the backside. Allison waves at her brother as he jumps from the car running over to hide behind Steve's car with Will, grabbing a water balloon and greeting his friends with his wicked aim.

"Hey, Harrington! I gotta say the pink frills are a hot look. I kinda wanna buy you a matching maid's outfit and make you clean my house." Allison rests her chin on her arms which are folded across the bottom of the open window, a giant grin on her face. Steve's eyes narrow when they find his best friend and he shoots a middle finger in her direction. "Aww, Stevie don't be like that, I'm just saying I can't understand why you're single! You make a really sexy housewife."

"Don't objectify me with your male gaze, Edwards."

"You need to stop hanging out with me."

Steve breaks into a smile hopping down the stairs to get closer to her door. "What are you up to today?" He asks bending down so they are a little closer together. Allison clucked her tongue and began to wind her window up, stopping when Steve placed his hands on the top of the glass, "Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. What's the deal?"

"What did I say to you when you volunteered to take all *six* of the kids at the start of the week?" Steve tried to hide the guilty look on his face but failed miserably. "I'm not helping you, Harrington. I warned you this would be too much for you and you wanted to prove me wrong, besides I have to meet Melinda to train for my first meet next week." Steve looks down at his beat-up sneaker kicking the dirt

in frustration.

"I didn't realise they were going to go out of their way to make this harder. I'm drowning, no pun intended." He glances over at the boys who had ganged up on the two girls forcing them to work together. They had made it terribly hard for him, but she couldn't really blame them for trying his limits; it was so much fun. When Allison had taken them minus Jane for a night last week, they had so much fun, the difference being Allison wasn't a pushover and they thought she was cool because she played D&D with them. She had solved the puzzle to the boys and Max, and they gave her no trouble. "Please help me, you're supposed to be my best friend." He pouts, throwing the full weight of his puppy eyes at her.

"It's called tough love, BFF. I owe you no loyalty." He drops the puppy eyes instantly, rolling them toward the sky, "I cannot believe you thought the puppy eyes would work on me, me, the person leading the charge on ending the travesty that is *New Coke*."

"What is it with you and that drink honestly?" Watching with amused eyes as his friend climbs from her car in preparation for a speech he had heard at least seven times already. "Do you really need to give the speech again, Allison, really I get it I'm sorry."

"The caviller way in which you speak of this issue leads me to believe that, yes Steven, you need to hear this speech again." Allison straightens her sports uniform before waving a hand wildly at Steve. "The injustice made to America- nay- the World's favourite beverage can no longer be overlooked. They have made it sweeter sure, but completely neglected to mention that it tastes like watered down garbage! I won't stand for it; our country did not fight for its independence from those tea drinking ninnies across the pond to succumb to such bland nonsense now." Steve stands in front of his best friend watching her eyes flash with indignation as she talks, an amused grin on his face.

"I truly admire the ability you have to somehow relate everything back to America's independence, it may be my favourite thing about you."

"Bite me, Harrington."

"I would, but I've seen you drink about twenty litres of Coke in the last two weeks in order to fuel your fire against *New Coke* and honestly I wouldn't be surprised if it started oozing from your skin."

"What happened to the Harrington who used to let me get away with my whims?" Allison folds her arms across her chest trying to contain her smile.

"You made him watch *Pretty in pink*, he died that day." Allison bursts into laughter, leaning against her car when she feels her knees grow weak. Steve had always been smart, he did a good job of hiding it behind a can of hairspray and a careless smirk, but he was always smart. Allison couldn't deny, however, hanging out with Daniel and herself had turned him into more of a smart-ass. Hearing tires rolling over the gravel of Henderson's driveway, Allison turned her head spotting Jonathans rusted beast pull up. Nancy grinned when she saw the smug look on Allison's face and the confused one on Steve's.

"Hey, heard our babysitting skills were required?" Nancy said leaning from the car, her curly hair tied up in a messy ponytail, a few pieces falling around her freckled face. Steve looks between the pair and Allison.

"I'm an activist now, Steve, and you seemed like a worthy cause." Allison joked, the look of relief on Steve's faced caused another round of chuckles from the brunette who just threw her arms around her friends' waist and squeezed tight. "I can't stay but I knew you were at your wit's end, Daniel said he saw you pull some of your own hair out yesterday and well your hair is basically the only thing you have going for you, buddy, no offence."

Squeezing back, Steve chuckled nodding a little. "No loyalty, huh." Allison shook her head pulling back to grin up at him,

"Maybe a tiny bit."

5. Saudade

I'm back, and I thought Saudade was the perfect title to this chapter for me and Allison. My sister reminded me of this word recently and it made me question what I longed for, it didn't take long for me to realise I longed for a return to me, to my creative outlets, for a return to Allison. Gosh I missed her!

Thank you to everyone who has reviewed and liked and followed I saw all of it and it really helped so much. I'll try not to be so all over the place and get these one-shots finished, I bloody loved ST3 and I can't wait to have Robin and Allison in the same scenes.

*Floating far away,
But close enough that I perceive the pain,*

*Do I even try?
Or do I let this beat me,
Do I even try?
Cause I hate the way I treat me,*

My Head Wants Me Dead - Bell City Square

It was an awful day to be outside. Allison would consider herself lucky to walk away from today without a cold or hypothermia. It hadn't rained yet, but it was coming, she could feel the crispness of rain in her throat, and the surrounding forest permeated the air with dampness that could only mean one thing. So as excited as she was for her first track meet at Hawkins High School, Allison couldn't say she was too keen on getting struck by lightning or hit over the head with hail. Both definite possibilities with her luck.

"You amped?"

Allison turns from her inspection of the track to the smiling blonde behind her. Melinda had gone above and beyond the last month to help Allison prepare, they trained every day sometimes twice. Allison had barely seen her friends since returning to school from Christmas break. A fact Steve, who still saw her more than anyone, including

her Mom, complained about frequently.

"I'm worried about the rain," Allison admitted, pulling the zip of her green track jacket up to her neck. "The last thing I need is to like fall on my face or get struck by lightning." She joked mostly. The pair walked back to the bench the Hawkins team had commandeered near the gym.

"Don't be stupid; you're gonna be so fine. I mean as fine as 2nd place can be," Melinda grinned earning a small shove from her friend. "Sorry, just have to keep you humble, bimchette."

"You did not just call me that you cow," Allison laughs, sitting herself down in the grass to begin her stretches. "Just for that I'm gonna destroy you." Melinda joined her with a cheeky grin, adjusting her white runners before copying Allison's movements.

"I saw the whole motley crew are here to support you. I saw Steve yelling at one of your brothers' friends, the one in the cap."

Allison snorted a laugh, "Dustin." She supplied. "He's a little shit, he and Steve have a big brother, little brother thing going on. It's super cute." She glanced up to the 100-meter finish line, where they had all decided to cheer her on. Watching Jonathan and Nancy all bundled up in winter wear, Nancy's jacket brown while Jonathan wore his denim.

They were both laughing as Dustin and Steve argued, Allison could see the look of complete disbelief on Dustin's face, and the red cheeks of her best friend and she couldn't help but chuckle. Whatever smart or nerdy reference Dustin had made went right over Steve's head, much to the younger teen's annoyance, it had become a regular occurrence with the pair. They had grown close since the incident, Steve still gave the kid woeful advice, and he even drove him to the winter formal where Nancy and Allison both danced with him and his thankfully one-time-only Steve hairstyle. However, a brotherly bond could only get them so far, they were still opposites, and it showed now and again.

"I'm glad Dustin has someone in his life he can talk to like a big brother, he just has his Mom, and I can't imagine a young kid would

ever want to talk to his Mom about 'boy stuff.' I think the responsibility has been good for Steve as well, he considers what he says, and he's so much more responsible just in the last few months that I've known him. Plus, he adores that kid as hard as he tries to deny it."

Melinda nods in agreement watching them as well. "I forget that you haven't known him for very long, the Steve I've known my whole life is a world away from this Steve. I used to sit at lunch with him, but I would never talk to him if I could help it, he was the biggest dick I'd ever met." Mel grins as she finishes her stretches and stands, helping Allison up. "I forget sometimes he acts like a real person now." Allison smiled at her friend, Allison herself forgot that everyone here knew a different Steve than she did, she was just glad he had become the kind and brave boy she knew now.

Allison would only be doing 100 meters today much to her frustration; Coach had put his foot down when she tried to argue saying he couldn't handle another phone call from her mother stressing about her health. She didn't push too hard worried he'd take her out altogether and she was chomping at the bit to run as fast as she could. They had a cross-country in three weeks, and she refused to miss it, she decided to pick her battles.

There were five schools from close counties in Indiana competing and Melinda had already pointed out the legit contenders. Also taking the time and introducing her to a few of the other runners'. Boys and girls would be running together as this meet was more for fun and practice as the season hadn't yet started again after Spring break. Allison had set herself an achievable goal of making it to the final in the 100, whatever she placed she was going to be happy.

Lining up in the fourth line, Allison cleared her mind and did a few final stretches. Melinda lined up in the fifth position, and they shared a quick look before the first whistle sounded to get into position. She set her feet onto the blocks. Allison felt her back automatically arch, her fingers tingled as they touched the red slightly springy track and she grinned as the second whistle went off. She'd never felt more ready.

The final whistle sounded, and Allison kicked off, feeling herself fly

across the track she knew so well. The wind was vicious as it whipped against her bare arms and legs, her long ponytail flying behind her. The chill made her push harder, Steve had her jacket, and she wanted to be back inside it terribly. It was over in 11.37 seconds later. She had beaten Melinda by 0.04 seconds. Daniel shouted and whooped when her name was called over the megaphone as the victor of the 1st heat. Her eyes flicked over to her friends all clapping and grinning like mad for the pair. When her coach finished talking stats, he let her go, and she jogged over with a giant grin. Daniel met her with a hug and shining eyes.

"Alli, you were so fast! You were a blur we couldn't even see you!"

"*The Flash* would be so proud!" Max exclaimed.

Allison laughed, listening to all the kids talk at once as they replayed the heat from their perspective. "Look at you at a sporting event, Jonathan Byers!? Who would have thought we'd see the day?" Allison joked, feeling her heavy black jacket placed over her shoulders. She smiled gratefully at Steve, he returned it with his puppy eyes sparkling with pride.

"Yeah, I guess there really is a first time for everything." He joked while Nancy gave her a giant grin. "Ready for the next one?"

Allison nodded, tucking her cold hands into her sides under the jacket. "So ready, I think Mel and I can make it to the finals."

"There is no way you aren't making it! I wouldn't be surprised if you won the whole thing Ally." Daniel clapped excitedly, Max and Dustin nodded enthusiastically, turning toward each other to recap the entire race and figure out if Allison really was faster than *The Flash*.

Allison rolled her eyes, turning around and meeting Steve's friendly gaze, her smile falling when his face betrayed his concern. "What?" She asks cautiously, Allison had a pretty good idea where this was going. Steve's 'concerned' face usually meant he was either going to tell her to stop researching something weird because it was making her crazy or he was going to start trying to pick her up and make her stay off her feet. He was worse than her Mom.

"You know its okay if you don't win, right? The fact that you are back competing so well after your accident already makes you a winner." Steve sighs, rubbing his jaw in frustration, "I don't mean to like ruin the mood or anything, sorry." Allison smiles at her friend whose hands slide into the pockets of his favourite jacket while he looks at the ground and red tint sitting on his cheeks.

"I know, and I'm honestly happy just to be running again. I told myself that I'd be happy getting to the finals, but that felt so good I wouldn't care if that's all I got. I know my limits, and I know my body, can you trust me not to push myself too hard?"

Steve sighed, opening his arms and Allison launched herself at him with a grin. "You are an amazing friend most of the time, Steve Harrington." She chuckled, her arms squeezing his neck.

"Wait, most of the time?"

"Yeah, well you have terrible taste in music. You still haven't seen *Indiana Jones* despite my insistence that it's my favourite movie, you burp in the car with the windows up, I really hate that. You won't let me play *Fleetwood* whenever I want, you've put a gag order on any conversations about *New Coke*, the crusade is not over by the way. But, I mean other than that, you really are like the perfect best friend, even when your more Sam than Bugs."

Steve's chuckles rumble through her chest, making her grin stretch. "Well, you are the perfect best friend just as you are." Allison pulls back slightly so she can stare at his face, appalled.

"So you are trying to tell me I have no faults," Allison remarks, pulling back to look at her friend.

"You have faults; they just don't annoy me like mine apparently annoy you," Steve replied, his firmly in place.

"That is a straight-up damn lie. I know my obsession with *New Coke* drives you crazy." Allison raises an eyebrow challengingly. "I'm obsessive, I pull faces at you when you aren't looking, I really am a smart ass, I sing *Madonna* like really loudly at every opportunity. You hate *Madonna*." Allison spoke rapidly, ticking off each thing off on

her fingers. Steve's fingers press into her back a little more firmly, and his face turns thoughtful.

"I do, however, I like you. And you have a pretty voice; it makes it bearable."

"I take back everything I said; a perfect best friend wouldn't act so horrifically blind to my faults. Wow has our entire friendship been a lie? I don't know how to overcome this frankly shocking revelation." Allison frowned, resting her hands delicately on Steve's arms. Steve grinned and launched into a long list of things that hypothetically could annoy him about his best friend while Jonathan and Nancy watched on.

"Do you think they realise they are completely in love?" Nancy asked, amused by the unwitting couple. Jonathan huffed a laugh, twining his cold fingers with hers and watching his friend pass Harrington her jacket with a soft sparkle in her blue eyes.

"She doesn't, not yet but it won't be much longer." He replied,

"Before Summer for sure," Nancy replied, nibbling her lip thoughtfully. Jonathan turned to his girlfriend, catching her biting her lip and easing her teeth away with his thumb.

"The first week of July," Jonathan replied with his rare crinkled smile. Nancy cocks an eyebrow and smirks that she thinks that sounds like a bet. "I mean it's a bet if you want to lose Nance." Laughing, Nancy leaned in and pressed her chapped lips to his, not caring that they both in desperate need of a lip balm.

"five dollars says graduation then."

"Hmm, deal."

They seal it with another kiss much to the chagrin of the young teenagers walking back from the concession stand.

"C'mon, stop being gross! Alli is about to race again. She's totally going to win!" Lucas exclaims earning enthusiastic agreements from the other party members.

She didn't win, but she did come 2nd (damn Melinda.) For right now, it felt like she had just won gold at the Olympics, and that was all she needed. Well, until cross country in three weeks.

6. NERD

Just a small one to set up the next five, If you didn't pick it up by now, Allison is an impossible combination of pretty, funny, and smart. Most importantly she's a total bloody nerd.

*I'm so sick of me
Wake up, and hate to breathe
And I pride myself in that
So Dramatic I'll admit*

Original Loser - Yungblud

"So, that's the one?"

Allison doesn't look up from the white envelope sitting on the kitchen bench, nodding silently to her best friend. It glows against the caramel coloured timber, she swears she can hear the paper humming at her like 'dude, open me, open me, OPEN ME!' *This* was the one. The letter that had kept her awake every night for the last three weeks. Her letter from *Harvard* and it was small. Small never meant good news. The envelope from *Boston University* had been big, it made sense, a big envelope for a big offer; a full ride in any degree she chose.

Spending the last three weeks since she received her BU acceptance letter on the precipice of a mental breakdown had made her a boatload of fun for her friends and family. Mel had come over after dinner every day since she had also gotten an acceptance letter. Nicole had gotten accepted to *Harvard*, hoping to be with her when Allison found out if she would be joining herself or Nicole. It was just Allison's luck that the day Mel caught the flu and stayed home from school was the day her letter came. Allison had called in backup the second she got inside and sat at the island impatiently jiggling her knees until he arrived.

"It's not gonna open itself, Edwards," Steve prodded, nudging the letter a little closer. Allison's gaze finally met Steve's and his eyes widened at the panic written all over her face. "Woah, Alli! What's going on? Are you okay?" He rests a hand gently on her shoulder and

squeezes.

"Steve. It's so small, and it's late! Nicole got hers weeks ago! We both know that means I didn't get in and it's all I've ever wanted." Allison's eyes fill despite her best efforts to keep her tears at bay, "My Dad went to Harvard on a scholarship because he was a super genius. I always wanted to be there just like Dad was, how am I supposed to be like him when I can't even get in?"

Harvard was the dream. It wasn't just the dream she had shared with Nicole, up till three in the morning giggling about what college life would be like; studying, and amazing libraries, and cute boys. This was a dream her Father had shared with her, A photo of her at 3 years old on her Dad's shoulders in one of his old sweatshirts, the cream 'H' on the maroon background making her blue eyes pop. It was miles too big for her, hanging well past her knees but she looked so happy, and her Dad looked so proud. Allison needed this, she needed to cling to the good that her Dad had inside him. Allison needed to go to *Harvard* so she would remember her Fathers dark eyes sparkling with pride and happiness; not fear.

"Al, you've gotta open the letter to know for sure. If you didn't get in you are still going to Boston, and I'm sure you can reapply or something, we can figure it all out, okay?" He pushes the envelope the last little bit with a reassuring smile, encouragement shining in his dark eyes. Allison takes a deep breath before taking the white letter in her quivering hands. "Read it out loud." Allison nods, carefully opening the top and inhaling a shaky breath before reading:

"Dear Miss Allison A. Edwards,

My name is Doctor Henry Romulus. I am the acting Dean of Arts and Science at Harvard University, and I am writing to you to offer you a very exclusive opportunity at Harvard. This is a most unusual offer we are making you, and it took longer than intended to finalise so I must apologise for the delay.

We here at *Harvard University* were very impressed with your application and test scores. They ranked in the highest percentile of incoming hopefuls and paired along with your lineage as a legacy we were nothing short of ecstatic at the thought of having you join this

program.

We believe you could bring something new and exciting to our University. So with that said, I am beyond pleased to inform you that we are inviting you to join the class of 1989 here at *Harvard*. We would also like to extend an offer to join an exclusive summer program that commences the second week of this upcoming June. This curriculum gives you and nine other students unrestricted access to the campus where you will begin summer classes in a myriad of areas to help prepare and develop your artistic and scientific mind.

A package will arrive promptly with confirmation of your acceptance to both programs and the central arts and science scholarship, the same scholarship your late Father was the recipient of.

We look forward to seeing you in June,

Regards,

Doctor Henry Romulus."

Allison started crying halfway through and didn't stop until she had read the letter another four times. "I'm going to *Harvard*. I have an early admittance. I got a full scholarship. I'm going to *Harvard*." She choked out to a grinning Steve who swept her up into a tight hug.

"Congratulations Edwards, no one I know deserves this more than you."

Allison pulled back wiping away tears with a shaky hand, a watery laugh on her lips. "Thank you for being here, Harrington. I could not have done this without you. Oh my God, I can't believe this, it totally feels like a dream or something."

Steve grinned, helping her wipe away her tears before reaching around her to grab the phone off the hook. "you've got a few phone calls to make, nerd."

Allison Austen Edwards was going to live her dreams.